

The Adams Sentinel.

A Family Journal---Devoted to Foreign and Domestic News, Politics, Literature, Agriculture, Education, Morality, Science and Art, Amusement, Advertising, &c. &c.

At \$2.00, if paid in advance.
Or \$2.50, if not paid in the year.

ROBERT G. HARPER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

"PERSIST WITH CARE THE SPIRIT OF INNOVATION UPON THE PRINCIPLES OF YOUR GOVERNMENT, HOWEVER SPECIOUS THE PRETEXTS."—Washington.

Advertisements \$1.00 per square for 3 weeks.
25 for each cent.

VOL. LVII.

GETTYSBURG, PA., MONDAY, JANUARY 26, 1857.

NO. 12.

Choice Poetry.

THOU'LT MISS ME EVERMORE.

Thou'lt miss me, fairer than mine
On the path of life,
And eyes of laughter light in thine
With love's own softness gleam.
But ever from thy lips I hear
This little phrase will flow:
"Be to the one and earnest gaze
So filled with love for thee."
Thou'lt miss me, tones more sweetly clear
Than finger on my throat,
On brighter, more like my dear
When I am late and slow,
But still the one and earnest gaze
So filled with love for thee.
Thou'lt miss me, smiles of sunnier dawn,
From fairer features thrown,
Mac shine upon those altered lips
As never mine hath done.
But still the one and earnest gaze
So filled with love for thee.
Thou'lt miss me, 'mid the world's eye crowd
Thou'lt miss me, as of yore,
With staid step and beaming smile,
And words of courteous lore.
But still the one and earnest gaze
So filled with love for thee.
Thou'lt miss me, when other lips are mute
Shall whisper when thou art absent,
The cheek, be it in grave or living,
Shall answer at its sound.
Thou'lt miss me, from night's solemn shade,
When holy stars look down,
Thou'lt miss me, in pleasure's vain
All thoughts of mine that dwell,
For all each breath and bright,
On which I've gazed with love.
Shall lead the way to thy light—
The beam of thy love.

The Mother's Lesson.

"O, but I will, though."
"No, no, Laura; you must not speak in that manner."
"And why not? Why, mother, to hear you talk, one would suppose that I were about to enter a nunnery instead of being married. No, I tell you no husband rules me. I shall be my own mistress."
Laura Burke was a young, happy creature, just on the eve of matrimony, and thousands of others, she looked only upon the pleasures of the future, and left her past only for the greatest amount of enjoyment that she might secure to herself independent of all other circumstances. Her mother, Mrs. Amos Burke, had not yet passed life's autumnal epoch, for not over eight or thirty years had it yet been hers. She was a woman of strange beauty, and though the flood of life was yet warm and vigorous, she was still moved by a spirit of deep melancholy that would blot her features from its own cast. Upon her pale brow there were lines of sorrow, in her deep blue eyes there was a light that seemed to turn all vision inward upon the soul, and over her whole countenance was shed the unmitigated shadow of thought and feeling, that would only spring from a heart that had become the home of powerful experience.
"Ah, Laura," said Mrs. Burke, "I fear that you are looking into the future with blind eyes. You are picturing to yourself that which may flow from you ere you are a free girl. You forget that the life you are about to enter, is one of impatience and pain."
"O, mother," cried Laura, with a light, laughing laugh, "don't talk to me about duty. Goodness knows, I've always had enough of that. No, no, my halcyon days are coming. If William marries me, it must be for what I am, and not for what I'm going to be. A truce to your seriousness, mother."
"Laura, Laura, be serious now, and listen to me, for I can see the road upon which your life of happiness may be wrecked." Mrs. Burke spoke with a serious air, and the shade that passed over her countenance showed that she felt deeply what she said. "You must know that your happiness for the future will depend upon your own exertions," she continued, "and just as far as you use your earnest endeavors for the peace and happiness of your husband, will your own be gained. Laura, you are too willful, and I fear that even to your husband you will bring that unhappy trait in your disposition."
"But tell me, mother, would you have me the slave of a husband? Am I going to be married just for the sake of having a man to rule me? By no means. I know my rights better. He may be assured that I maintain all the privileges that belong to me. But in sober earnest, my mother dear, I cannot see what there is that should frighten you. Let me tell you that William Withington is not the man to look for a mere truce in his life."
"My child, you misunderstand me. You misinterpret my meaning. You know that your husband becomes responsible for your support."
"That's his own choice, though, is it not?"
"Certainly, and he does it because he loves me. He shall be happy in your society. A good husband looks for all that is kind and gentle in his wife. His home is his refuge from the cares and business of life, and there he looks for the sweet peace and content which no other spot on earth can afford, and if he find it not there, where shall he look? O, Laura, I'm sure because I greatly fear you will forget all this!"
"Gently, mother," uttered the half-dressed girl, "you will really provoke me. What is the use of making such a mountain out of nothing?"
"Hush, Laura. Only look for yours if upon what occurred on last Sabbath evening. Then you betrayed a temper that made William very unhappy."
"Well, and didn't he provoke me to it?"
"Not by no means. He only wished you to wear a more suitable dress to the lecture."
"And I should like to know what had provoked it to be him what dress I chose to wear?"
"A great deal, Laura. He only requested that you would wear something more becoming to your neck and shoulders—something that would protect you against the cold, and surely a husband has a right to do that."
"Then, let him wait till he is my husband, and even then I'll teach him that he can't rule me."
Mrs. Burke gazed at her daughter, and in a year came into her eyes. She knew that her daughter loved William Withington with her whole heart, and she saw, too, that that wife would find in him what a good wife ought to be.
"Mother, dear mother," exclaimed Laura, springing to the side of her kind parent, and throwing her arms about her neck, "what makes you weep? Forgive me for what I have said, if I can affect you thus."
"Laura, listen to my side, and I will tell you something that I have hidden from you. I will open to you a page in my life book that I want to have left forever close within my own heart."
The fair girl sat down by her mother's side, and looked wondrously up.
"It is of your father that I will speak," she said, "and I can remember."
The tears gathered more thickly in the mother's eyes, and it was some time ere she could speak, but at length she commenced her history, and laying her hand gently upon her daughter's brow, she continued:
"Laura, listen to me now, for I can hold up a mirror which you may see what way be your own future."

"I was scarcely eighteen when I gave my hand to James Burke. He was a man of kind feelings and a warm heart, and I knew that he loved me truly and faithfully; yet his feelings were impulsive, his sense of right and wrong was keen and unimpeachable, and in every emotion he was sensitive in the extreme. He held his honor sacred, and to small things he stooped not. Let me tell you that Wm. Withington is his counterpart."
"When I married my husband, I knew his disposition and feelings. I loved him, and yet I had resolved upon no pains to meet his wishes, and make his home happy. I forgot that love has its imperative duties—that the mere marriage relation may be made the most miserable on earth, instead of being the most happy. I forgot that my own happiness depended upon the happiness of my husband, and that no could not be happy unless I too was happy. A very small amount of cool reflection would have shown me all this, but I gave it little heed. I did not remember that the wife's dominion was the home of her husband, and that that home should be her earthly heaven."
"I only looked upon the surface of the marriage relation, and when I entered upon its duties I only then felt that I was freed from all restraints, and that I had nothing to do but to grasp at the transient pleasures of the flesh."
"Of course, the first few months of our married life were happy, but there were clouds across our way that should never have gathered there. At length I came to allow myself to forget some of my duties. In the presence of my husband I was sometimes nervous and gloomy. He gently rebuked me, but I was governed by a willful pride, and would not own that I was wrong, and I often accused him of being unfeeling towards me. He was harsh, never smiling, and though I have seen the big tears in his tender eyes with internal emotion, yet he never forgot himself as far as to words he would not recall. O, God, how my heart sinks within me as I think how blindly I fell into a man's feelings. He did everything in his power to make my home comfortable—my every wish was answered so far as it could be justly done, and he was as careful of my health and peace as he could have been of his own."
"At length you were born. I call God to witness that I loved you most dearly, but yet your innocent cries and your tax upon my time and care, I allowed to sometimes weary me, and when my husband would be of me to remember me, I was in charge of my infant, and only smile upon its face. I met him with sulka looks and bitter words. Not long after you were born, my husband took a stand in the political field, and his talents soon placed him firmly in the respect and good will of the people. He was chosen a member of State Assembly, and he began to devote much of his time to the duties which his fellow citizens placed upon him. Instead of taking a part in the talents of my husband, and lending him my aid, I only found fault that he was away from home so much. He told me the duty he owed to his country, and as he of the trust his fellow citizens had placed in him, and that while we owed our freedom and social happiness to the just laws of the land, it behooved all citizens to do what they consistently could to maintain those laws and provide for their execution. But I understood nothing of the matter, and I did not sympathize with my husband in his patriotic sentiments. This was to him the unkindest cut of all."
"Once, when we were in company, a gentleman spoke to me of the high position my husband had gained, but then I treated the idea of my husband's neglecting his business for such things with a sneer. He heard me. I knew that Jane's hand never neglected his business, and yet I said it. When we returned home he reproved me for what I had done. I was only a girl, and I was making him miserable. He begged of me to remember his feelings, but I did not. Then he assumed me that he would not live with me if I continued to behave as I had done. I allowed this to make me more angry than ever, and I determined that I would not give up that I had done wrong, and told him leave me as soon as he pleased."
"Laura, I cannot tell you all that followed. I told you that noble-hearted man, how I trifled with his feelings, and how I blindly, recklessly, unwisely, the strong looks that bound his heart to me. I saw that a change had come over his countenance, and I saw that his eyes were dim, and that his lips quivered. He went to the creek where you were lying, and took you up in his arms. He pressed you to his bosom and kissed you. I saw a tear fall from his eye, and I saw his face as if in prayer. Then he laid you back in the cradle, and left the room. He came not back to me that night. The next day I received a letter from him, in which he informed me he had placed ten thousand dollars in the hands of a trust-worthy person, and that I could draw the interest semi-annually for my support. I was almost frantic with grief, my heart was almost broken, my head wailed in agony, but I would not believe him further. For that moment, Laura, I—I never saw my husband again!"
As Mrs. Burke ceased speaking, her head sank upon the bosom of her daughter, and she wept aloud.
"And you saw him not after he died," murmured Laura, with her arms around her mother's neck, and sobbing with grief.
"I know not that he is dead, my child, returned Mrs. Burke, and as she spoke she sank upon her knees and prayed that her daughter might be saved.
With her whole soul in the world, Laura uttered, "Amen!"

Laura Burke stood by the side of William Withington, and her right hand rested within that of the young man. It was evening, and she stood thus to be married. There was deep happiness, calm and serene. Though she rejoined over her countenance, and even the bridegroom gazed half wondering upon her as she appeared so deeply impressed with the solemnity of the occasion. The clergyman who had come to perform the ceremony, was a stranger in the place, he having come from a distant part of the country, and at the present time had assumed the duties of the pulpit for one Sabbath, while the regular clergyman was absent from the town.
The magic words that made William and Laura man and wife were spoken, and the couple awaited the parting advice and counsel of the minister. His spoke of the important duties they had taken upon themselves—of the responsibilities they had voluntarily assumed. Then he fixed his eyes upon the fair bride, and while his lips trembled and his eyes gathered in moisture, he said:
"To you, my fair child, I would fain give a word more of counsel. You must remember that the home-altar is under your ministrations; and Oh! fall not to see that the purest of your affections are kept burning there, so they shall ever light with a joyous brilliancy the life you have chosen. Oh! I could but know what earthly bliss hangs upon your course, you would never—never."
The clergyman stopped. His eyes had filled with tears, and his utterance choked. At that moment a low cry broke from the lips of Mrs. Burke. The minister turned and caught her eyes. All present wondered at the strange scene, but when in a moment more, the mother tottered forward and sank upon the bosom of the clergyman, they were lost in astonishment.
"Annihilated," whispered the man, as he bowed his head. "Annihilated!"
"My husband! Oh, my husband! Have you come to forgive me?"
"Yes, yes, my wife. Is there not happiness for us yet on earth?"
The mother would have spoken, but she could only cling more frantically to her husband, and bless him that he had come back to her. None were there but who wept at the scene; and Laura left the side of her new-made husband to seek the embrace of her father.
At length the mystery was explained to those who had witnessed the novel scene. As to his wife and child alone did James Burke tell of all he had suffered—how he had wandered from a place to place, and how he at length became a prisoner of the gospel. He told how his heart yearned to see his wife, and how he had forgiven her all she had done, and also that he had determined to see her once more, and for that purpose he had come back.
Years passed away since that evening, and James Burke and his wife still live, but their old age is still happier than their days of youth. And Laura, she is indeed a noble, true hearted wife. Her "Mother's Lesson" was her salvation. It sank deep into her heart, burning forever all of evil that lurked there, and sending forth into active life all those charms and graces of the female character that do most adorn the true and virtuous wife.

A Dandy Wild Cat.
One night the past week, Mons. Jules Frack, of this county, was aroused from his slumbers by the agonizing cry of chickens in distress. He immediately seized his gun and rushed to the rescue; upon his arrival at the Hotel de Schuiken, he, to his great astonishment, discovered the mutilated remains of two of his favorite birds, as the immortal poet Villon says, "lying dead on the ground." His anger was great, and how both upon the English and French languages for a properly intense expression of itself.
While the said Frenchman was lamenting the untimely fate of the innocent and tender pullets, whose voluptuous breasts were only hid from view by the downy pinfeathers of budding honor, he saw the identical feline authors of all this bloodshed and anthropological misery, pass before him and vanish down into the darkness of his own cellar.
It was a moment of awful emotions, and as Mylher Von Solffence has since elegantly remarked, "a time day he was thinking could admit a veller mit scare." But revenge was the predominant passion, and, nothing daunted, the valiant Frenchman, gun in hand, followed by Von Solffence, "aid a lantern," descended into the cellar prepared for mortal combat. In order to prevent escape, the door was closed and fastened behind them.
And now all was silent about a minute, when the dull heavy report of a gun came up from the cellar. And then the door opened, and a ghastly looking Dutchman "aid a lantern," stepped into the open air, and then a cloud of smoke, "a sweet scented cloud," lifted itself out of the cellarway and revealed the features of a most ghastly Frenchman.
There he stood, his gun in one hand and the feline robber's corpse in the other. As he caught his breath and said: "O! mon Dieu, vos horribles coups. I think from your performance he is quite dandy with his Wild Cats."
And then the recovered Dutchman came up and said he "puffed" that it was a "shink out," and in the phlegmatic profound opinion we conceived.
When we left the aromatic shades of the cellarway, the Frenchman who could not talk Dutch, and the Dutchman who couldn't talk French, and neither of whom could speak comprehensible English, were discussing the origin, habits and utility of skunks in general—a subject in natural history of which neither of them had ever heard of before.
And the last of the matter was, that the Frenchman felt insulted because the Dutchman ineffectually remarked that he "puffed" think cats was live all der life on der enions," which allusion to that great Parisian delicacy threw the Frenchman into spasms, and unceremoniously closed the discussion. It is, however, our opinion, that neither of them will ever hunt skunks in a tight collar again.

A Romance in Real Life.
On Monday week, on the arrival of the morning train from the east, at Shippensburg, two German girls stepped out of the cars and were immediately recognized by two young men who were standing on the platform, when they were clasped in each others arms. Their emigration to this country forms an interesting story. The young men were natives of Wertemberg, Germany, and when in their native place "fell in love" with the daughters of a wealthy citizen, and their love was reciprocated on the part of the daughters. But the attentions of the youths who were poor, provoked the ire of the parents of the maidens—"They would not be disgraced by the marriage of their daughters to the two poor young men of Wertemberg." Finding that the "old folks" could not be reconciled, they hit upon the following plan, forming a sacred agreement: "The young men would leave Wertemberg and come to the United States, and earn money, when having earned enough, they would send for the objects of their affection—declaring constancy till death." They parted. The young men came to America, and by the persuasion of friends who had preceded them to this country, they settled down to hard labor in Amherst's Valley, some miles distant from Shippensburg. After working about a year, they accumulated the means necessary to convey the idols of their hearts from Germany to America, and immediately despatched it to them—"spending many sleepless nights in anxiety for their arrival." On Monday week their cup of joy was filled, for their loved ones reached them in safety and in health. They left home unknown to their parents, and came alone four thousand miles, without meeting an acquaintance till they embraced their lovers at the depot in Shippensburg. This is an instance of true devotion, before which the sickly creations of novelists pale, and is another instance of the constancy of woman's love. It also proves that where she has once concentrated her affections, there they will remain, indifferent to the opposition of those who may dislike their choice. All honor to the courageous maidens who could without shrinking, leave the abode of luxury, and brave the perils of the deep, to fulfill the "bonds of duty love!"—None.

The Great Canal at Niagara Falls.
One of the greatest works, for the improvement of the mechanical, manufacturing and commercial interests of the Western States, which we know of, is now being developed at Niagara Falls. We have as yet not observed any notice taken of this magnificent enterprise by the public press. Its magnitude, however, surpasses anything which has yet been accomplished by private and individual enterprise. It was, we learn, conceived by a young Bostonian some ten years since, and though his indelible exertion, has now been brought near to its completion.
A motive power is being there created which will exceed that at Lowell and Lawrence combined. The mammoth canal, which is being dug through solid rock, and will be completed in the course of a few months, opens navigation through the centre of the village of Niagara Falls, nearly down to the Suspension Bridge, and connects the Erie Canal with the Great Western Canada Railway. A safe harbor has been opened, which, it is said, with a little additional labor, can be made to protect a thousand sail of vessels in safe anchorage, about half a mile above the Cataract. The benefits of this great improvement, projected and executed by private enterprise, must be great to the State of New York, and yet still greater to the Western States; and, we think, it cannot fail to make Niagara Falls the great centre of railway, canal, commercial, manufacturing and mechanical interests, which control and sustain Western prosperity.

Miscellaneous.

Fashionable folks have ceased to marry. Now, according to Jenkins and his followers, they "form a matrimonial alliance," upon which Susan Jane writes to inquire "if such an alliance is to be considered offensive and defensive?" Mr. Punch ventures to reply—"Offensive, when mistreatment or difficulty is to be attacked and overcome; defensive, when certain little parties, whether or not, will join in the compact."

One of our most distinguished and eloquent lawyers, while entering his cold bed the other night, was overheard to say to himself: "Well, of all ways of getting a living, the worst a man could follow would be going about town in such nights as this, and getting into bed for folks."

An elderly fat gentleman, in discussing a warm breakfast at one of our hotels the other morning, called to the waiting boy: "Donald, bring me more bread—I eat a good deal of bread to my stomach."—Donald answered, with much simplicity: "Ay, please your honor, and you eat a good deal of steak to your bread."

Advertisements are blessings in disguise. We know a man who has lived six months on a sprained ankle. He belongs to three or four societies, and draws four dollars per week. He has it in contemplation to go to a fashionable watering-place next summer, on a sore throat.

A clergyman, traveling in a stage-coach, was asked by one of the passengers, if he thought pious hearten would go to heaven. "Sir," said the clergyman, "I am not appointed judge of the world, and consequently cannot tell; but if you get to heaven, you shall either find them there, or a good reason why they are not."

Did you ever hear of the wife that wrote to her husband in California, and commenced her letter thus—"Oh, tell me not that all our engagements are a lie; I hope you stay away, the better I like you!"

Formerly women were prohibited from marrying till they had upon a set of bed furniture, and hence were much spinsters and married. A more old bachelor at our elbow remarked, "Nix nix they spin street yarn!" We "loved" daughters, at him, of course, as everybody knows we don't like to hear ill-natured remarks about the ladies.

A jeweler advertises that he has a number of precious stones to dispose of, adding, that they sparkle like the tears of a young widow.

What we learn in infancy remains forever.

Advice to the Ladies.
A pretty hand and a pretty foot always go together. When we speak of one we always think of the other. For this reason, stepping on a woman's foot is equivalent to squeezing her hand, and equally proper, but some times more convenient, as it can be done under the table. Be careful, however, never to attempt it at a crowded table for fear of making a mistake. We once saw a lady very much confused, who was trying to give a signal to a gentleman opposite, and instead of his, she trod and pressed on the corn-covered toes of an old bachelor. He bore it as long as he could, when he very quietly remarked:
"Madame, when you wish to tread on a gentleman's toes, be particular and get the foot that belongs to him—for the last five minutes you have been jamming my corns most unmercifully."

Singular Affection in a Dog.
Charles Hecaton, a man well known on the Alabama river, but for some years a resident of California, was killed by the explosion of a steamboat near San Francisco, a few months since. A noble Newfoundland dog, owned by him, escaped injury, and landed the body of his master ashore. The dog was sent to the mother of the deceased, residing in Perry county, Alabama. On being shown the daguerotype of his lost master, the dog immediately recognized it and commenced barking it, and sending up the most piteous howls, and since that time he has refused all food, and moans almost constantly. When last heard from he was in a dying condition, and is probably dead by this time. Where, in human history, can be found such an instance of devoted love and intense grief at the loss of a loved one.

A Big Salary.
The New York Mirror says it is estimated that one of our "rich men" (Wm. H. Astor) has now a "regular income" of \$3,000 a day; or about \$1,100,000 a year. If wealth and to happiness, Astor should be the most contented man in the world. He is not. He keeps away the gout he feeds himself on Graham bread, and indulges in a less generous diet generally than we do. Astor, instead of being the happiest man in New York, is perhaps one of the most discontented. He is in law with his tenants about one half the time, and instead of taking the world kindly he spends eight hours of ten in reading up upon the statutes of fraud, particular determination to do as little work as possible—a determination which his master says Japs was never known to transgress.

On Travel.—But few people, excepting those accustomed to the sea, have an adequate idea of the difficulties encountered by navigators on reaching our coast in the winter season. The long Andrew Peters, of Ellsworth, which arrived at New York, on Saturday, from Cuba, was so covered with ice on the 15th inst., that she settled by the head fifteen inches, requiring all hands since that time to clear her; in doing which Capt. McFarland estimates that he threw overboard one hundred tons of ice!

The Superiority of some men is merely local; they are great because their associates are little.

Long Sermons.—At the South Carolina Conference of the Methodist Episcopal church the presiding Bishop decided, long sermons, except on very special occasions, to be improper, contrary to the discipline, in the practice of "the Fathers," and, to some extent, subservient of the ends of the Christian ministry. The limit, on ordinary occasions, according to the Bishop, should be from 30 to 45 minutes.

The Jackson Mississippi says:—"A snake was recently caught in the town of Tully, with a head at each end. The reptile exhibited its venomous instincts, with its two tongues and double bite, to the astonishment of its captors, who attest the veracity of this fact."

Old reckonings make new quarrels.

